

## FATHER'S SAD APPEAL WILL WIN A HOME FOR HIS CHILD.

## JACK WILMERDING'S WIFE IS DYING AND DESOLATE.

She Is a Great-Granddaughter of Old Commodore Vanderbilt and Was Once a Belle in This City—Left Husband and Went Mad.

The exciting and pitiful career of Marie Wilmerding, the young wife of Jack Wilmerding and the great-granddaughter of Commodore Vanderbilt, is said to be almost at an end. She is lying seriously ill in the Caledonia apartment-house, at No. 28 West Twenty-sixth street. Ten weeks of illness and two serious operations have taxed almost to the limit a constitution already undermined by an unconventional life.

Since her release from Bloomingdale insane asylum, three years ago, Mrs. Wilmerding has not been much in the public eye. Her time has been divided between an effort to recover a fortune, taken from her by loan sharks while she was mentally unbalanced, and studying for the stage. Loyal friends, among them Mrs. Jack Woodgood, have sought to aid her to redeem herself. She tried hard to realize their expectations, but she was not capable of the physical effort necessary to success.

Once a Belle Here.

Marie Wilmerding is twenty-nine years old. She is the daughter of the late Commodore Vanderbilt, Allen, than whom no man in society was more popular. She was one of the belles of New York ten years ago, possessing beauty, wit and a dare-devil nature that made her a queen in the smart set.

She married Jack Wilmerding six years ago. The ceremony was performed in Grace Church and was one of the society events of the year. The bride was radiantly beautiful, and young Wilmerding was the personification of a handsome, well-groomed young man-about-town.

They lived for a time on Staten Island and were leaders in the country set. Then they moved to this city and their troubles began. That they were unhappy was an open secret. They took no pains to conceal it. One night in Delmonico's young Wilmerding hurled a plate of ice in the face of his pretty wife.

Left Her Husband.

She left him after this and went to Italy with her father. They lived on the island of Capri, whence Marie Wilmerding sent weird letters to friends in this city. Her father died in 1891 and she came back to New York, undoubtedly insane.

At the request of her uncle, Franklin Allen, she was confined in Bloomingdale. The money-lenders, who had encompassed her financial ruin, were anxious to have her declared sane, so that their transactions could be legalized. They eventually obtained her release. At the hearing as to her sanity she testified



MRS JACK WILMERDING

## EXPLORER PEARY IS HEARD FROM.

Arctic Steamer Erik Has Arrived at North Sydney, C. B.—All Well on Board.

NORTH SYDNEY, C. B., Sept. 12.—The Peary arctic steamer Erik, from Cape Sabine, Ellesmere Land, Aug. 23, arrived here today. All well.

Peary left Fort Conger April 15, crossed Robeson Channel to the West Greenland coast, and followed it along on foot and over sea ice to the northward.

On April 26 two natives were sent back, and from Cape Britannia two more were sent back in May. Lockwood's furthest north claim of May 13, 1892, was opened May 8, and its records were taken, and at Cape Washington, the headland seen by him fifteen miles northeast, in 1882, another claim was erected and a copy of the "Farthest" record and additional memoranda were deposited.

Peary pushed on, and at 83 degrees 29 seconds north rounded the northern extremity of Greenland, finding the coast at this point to trend rapidly eastward.

There, on the most northerly known land in the world, Peary built a cairn, in which he deposited records, &c.

Peary then struck over the sea ice for the pole, but was able to advance only to 83 degrees 29 seconds north, when he was stopped by the broken pack and much open water. Retracing his steps, Peary pushed on along the Greenland coast, all the time eastward, about 160 miles beyond Lockwood's furthest, to latitude 83 north, longitude 25

west, or, approximately, but little more than a degree from Independence Bay, discovered and named by him July 4, 1892.

The reconnaissance ended with a definite demonstration of the Western and Northern coasts of Greenland. In a letter detailing his work during 1900 Peary says:

"If I do not capture the pole itself in this spring campaign (1901) I shall try it again next spring."

The Windward, fast in her winter quarters at Payer Harbor, near Cape Sabine, with Mrs. Peary and Miss Peary on board, prisoners in the ice for nearly eight months, was reached May 6, and in her Peary established his headquarters until the auxiliary ship of 1901 should arrive.

Not until the Windward was reached did Peary learn of the death, almost eighteen months before, of his daughter, Francesa, born in Washington, D. C., in January, 1899, following his departure for the North.

On July 3 the Windward extricated herself from the ice and devoted July to a successful hunt for walrus, to provide food for the natives and dogs during the field work of 1902.

Windward then went to Etah, Peary's headquarters of 1899-1900, where she awaited the Erik, which arrived here Aug. 4, fourteen days from Sydney, C. B., and bringing Peary, with other news, that of his mother's death in Portland, Me., in November last.

try policemen. That power, he says, is lodged in the Commissioner, and as it is a judicial power, he has no right to delegate it to another.

Mr. Sullivan also asserts that the law requires that a policeman must be tried in his own borough, and that the trial of Woodley for Devery, in Manhattan, was illegal on that account.

The case will probably come up before the Appellate Division during the October Term.

If the writ should be sustained most of the police trials during the past six months will, as a consequence, be rendered illegal.

All fines assessed during that period also would have to be paid to the men.

FITCHIE TO HOLD UP TAFAL.

Immigration Commissioner Says He Will Bar Anarchist if Possible.

Commissioner of Immigration Fitchie was asked yesterday what he proposed to do about the case of Taffal, a dangerous anarchist and a friend of Bresch, who is said to have been recently expelled from Switzerland and expressed the intention of coming to the United States.

"I have received no official notification," but I will at once post a memorandum in the immigrant inspection bureau. If we can detect Taffal should he come, I will have an investigation and bar him from the country if it is possible.

"If the law does not permit of his being barred because he is an anarchist, he might be excluded on the grounds that he is an undesirable immigrant and one likely to become a public charge."

## SMUGGLING IS STILL GOING ON.

Cargo of Immigrants Has Been Landed at Buzzard's Bay.

Since the exposure that certain of the immigration officials at Ellis Island for a long time had been allowing anarchists and other undesirable immigrants to land at the various steamship piers in this port upon payment of sums as low as \$5 each as American citizens, traffic in that line here has been at a standstill, although the officials accused of being in the scheme are still in the Government service.

Now, however, it seems that the immigrant smuggling business is still in full blast, although other methods have been adopted to practically evade the law.

Today the fact leaked out that the immigrant smugglers are bringing cargoes of foreigners in schooners to this country and within the past few days a vessel said to be named the Lottie, landed 112 immigrants at Clarke's Cove on Buzzard's Bay.

Inspector Dolan of New Bedford, Mass., who made the discovery that the undesirable immigrants were landed in the Buzzards Bay cove and are now scattered throughout the country, is at present in this city hunting for the ring-leaders in the smuggling scheme.

He is being assisted by Deputy United States Marshals from Brooklyn, and it is known that the man wanted has engaged passage on the steamship Patria, which sails to-morrow from Brooklyn.

VENGEANCE OF PATRIOTS.

Greek, Who Said President Ought to Die, Throws from a Window.

A Greek cigarette-maker known by the name of "George," and employed by Pinkus Bros., at 56 New street, expressed the opinion this afternoon that "the President ought to die."

Several of his fellow-workmen, angered at the sentiment, threw him from a window to the street, a distance of twelve feet.

The Greek's collar-bone was broken, and he is suffering from other severe injuries.

EXPLOSION'S SIXTH VICTIM.

Burns' Back Was Broken in Powder Works Disaster.

Another victim of the explosion that occurred yesterday at the works of the American E. C. & Schultz Powder Company, at Oakland, N. J., died today. This makes six killed.

The man who died to-day was Bartholomew Burns, whose back was broken. Andrew Lassenger, who is also suffering from a broken back, is in a critical condition.



Up to last night 189 letters had been delivered to Joseph Fellrath, No. 122 West Thirty-third street, offering to adopt his little girl. The letters had come in the three days since his letter was published in The Evening World, appealing to somebody to take the child, because the father is dying of consumption and cannot bear to leave her alone.

Out in front of the little cigar shop on Thirty-third street, where her father works when he can, little eight-year-old Josie Fellrath sat yesterday, and looked up brightly at every one who entered the shop, with one remark on her baby lips:

"I am going to be adopted," she announced gravely to everybody.

"Not for a couple of weeks, though, baby," said her father wistfully from the background, in the voice which he cannot raise above a whisper.

The letters began to come in Tuesday, the day following the appearance of the article, which was accompanied by the picture of the extraordinarily pretty child. The article told how Joseph Fellrath, a German, educated in France, and at one time an excellent chef, was no longer able to work, and was almost without money, and how he was anxious to make some provision for his little motherless child before he could die of consumption.

Had Luck a-Plenty.

"Do you think I'll have any luck for her?" Joe Fellrath inquired eagerly of an Evening World reporter when he first told his story. And luck began coming in handfulls with the arrival of the postman the very next morning. New York letters had been written the very night the appeal was made, and the next day out-of-town letters—from up the State and from New Jersey and Pennsylvania—began to pour in. And last night Joe Fellrath was deliciously happy with 189 offers of homes for his little girl.

With this embarrassment of riches embarrassment really came to him, and now he is overwhelmed with the responsibility of choosing a home for her.

"What if I should go and pick out one where she shouldn't be happy?" he inquired, shuffling the letters.

All the first day he spent going over and over the various offers that were made, comparing and weighing them, till he had them almost by heart and

## Many Offer to Care for Little Josie Fellrath, Who May Soon Be an Orphan.

could have described almost every home offered. The letters were from a variety of classes and represented all conditions of life. Some were badly spelled and some were from homes of evident refinement; some were from the lower east side and some were from the west side; a large number were from the country; some promised that she should be educated, and others said frankly that the writer could give her no advantages beyond "a good home, a Christian bringing up and lots of love." A number of them were exceedingly attractive and promised bright things for the little girl without any definite statement. All the letters breathed a great pity and sympathy and there was not one that seemed not to be written in perfectly good faith. Most of them expressed great eagerness to have the child right away.

Naturally Joe Fellrath was in a quandary. Upon one thing he was decided: His little girl should not be given to any one whom he had not seen and talked with, and 189 visits ahead were a good many to cover. To make them meant time which he could not afford; it meant strength which he must not waste, and it meant car fare which he had not got.

Would Visit Them All.

"What did I do?" he repeated. "Well, I got together what little money I could and started to try to visit 'em all. Whenever I could get a dollar and a half I went out and went to some of the addresses I'd got."

"It was wonderful how many nice, comfortable homes were opened to my little Josie, and how many kind people wanted to take her in. 'We'll expect you back with her in a few days,' Mr. Fellrath, more'n one called out after me. 'I don't know what to do. I can't put her in all the places. I can't just light on one blind-like, and send her there. And then if I should pick out one and take her to them and she shouldn't be just happy, what an awful thing that would be for me and for her!'

mother! I thought maybe I'd get an offer of two and I'd be easy. I didn't know it would be like this, but I'm thankful enough to think it is so." There is another difficulty, too. Mr. Fellrath very much preferred to have his little daughter brought up in the country. Several letters, notably one from the Herkshire Hills, had been posted right out by green fields offering to take her. But, though he longs to have her brought up away from town, the father will not send her to people whom he has never seen, and he has no money to visit personally the places. Possibly with this in mind, the letter from the Herkshire Hills referred to suggested that the writer be one of several to raise a fund to send the father with his child and pay for his maintenance during his illness, so that he need not be separated from her. The letter, which was one of the pleasantest received, was this:

One of the Letters.

To the Editor of The Evening World:—I was very much touched by the pathetic letter in The Evening World yesterday from Joe Fellrath, who is dying of consumption and who is anxious to have a home for his little girl. No wife thinks she would like to take the little one, and we will guarantee her a good home, though we are not rich.

But I hate to take her from her father before he dies. I very much wish not of some kindly disposed person of means could send Mr. Fellrath up here, and let him have a few days in the pure air of Berkshire instead of doing in that miserable place.

GEORGE B. EDWARDS, Great Barrington, Mass.

The letter also included an offer of help to Joe Fellrath and a list of references.

A letter from No. 162 North Main street, Paterson, N. J., explained that, although the mother and father of nine children, they would be glad to adopt the little girl.

"One more won't make no great difference," the letter ran, "and I feel sorry for you. So send her along."

Another letter came from the Hensseler country, a lady of Albany, from Miss Fanny J. A. Riley. And there were enough more to make 189 offers of a home for the motherless little girl.

"Don't you see," said Joe Fellrath a little sadly yesterday, as he turned over the letters, "that I guess the best I can do for my little girl after all was to die and leave her to some of these folks. They can do for her what I never could. That seems pretty tough, but I'm thankful for it."

Police Took Him From Crowd at Pistols' Points.

Walker Tried to Use a Little Girl, but Was Caught by Two Citizens.

An attempt was made to lynch Cornelius Walker, a negro, at Ozone Park, L. I., this morning for attempting to ill-use Mary Smith, the nine-year-old daughter of Charles Smith. Walker's life was saved only by the determined action of some cool-headed citizens who locked the negro in a barn and stood guard until the police arrived from Jamaica.

Walker seized the girl, who was on her way to school, and dragged her to a barn. Her screams alarmed Reynold Singer and George Zwied, carpenters, who were at work on a church near by. The pair rushed and caught Walker.

They took him to Rivera's undertaking shop, on Ocean avenue, where a crowd of 100 persons gathered. The girl's father was there and called upon the crowd to lynch Walker.

While some one ran for a rope other citizens looked Walker up in Russo's barn and stood guard at the door. Two policemen finally came from Jamaica, and at their pistols' points got Walker away from the mob and took him to the Jamaica police station.

The girl was not seriously hurt, but very badly frightened.

MAN'S BODY IN RIVER.

Found at the Foot of Nineteenth Street and Now at Morgue.

The body of a man was found in the East River at the foot of Nineteenth street, this morning.

He was about thirty years old, 5 feet 7 inches tall, has red hair and mustache, and wore dark clothing, white cotton underwear and laced shoes. The body was taken to the Morgue.

## DEVERY'S POWER TO BE TESTED.

LAWYER SULLIVAN ADVANCES A NOVEL POINT OF LAW.

He Holds that Trafts Over Which Devery Has Presided Are Illegal.

A writ of certiorari has been served on Police Commissioner Murphy in the case of Henry Woodley, a policeman, who was dismissed from the force some weeks ago.

Woodley was a Staten Island policeman, and he was dismissed on a charge of conduct unbecoming an officer.

The case attracted considerable attention at the time, the officer being accused of a series of spectacular performances in dealing with a picnic party.

The writ of certiorari was sued out by Charles Sullivan, a lawyer at No. 10 Nassau street. He makes a claim which, if it should be sustained by the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, would cause a great deal of confusion in the Police Department.

Mr. Sullivan asserts that under the statutes passed last winter no Deputy Police Commissioner has the power to

## SHAMROCK'S TRIAL WAS CALLED OFF.

Conditions Were Unfavorable, and Sir Thomas Decided Not to Send Challenger Out.

Shamrock didn't go out for her regular trial to-day. After considering the conditions, which were none too favorable, Sir Thomas decided to call off the spin.

If the weather permits, the challenger will to-morrow take her last spin before her first race. She will then be towed up to Erie Basin and dry docked Sunday or Monday.

## STRIKE OFF 600 ILLEGAL VOTERS.

COURT ORDER IN HACKETT-MILLER FIGHT.

Justice Trux Finds that Acknowledgments and Notary's Signatures Were Forged.

Justice Trux, in the Supreme Court, to-day, on the application of Franklin B. Miller, Republican leader of the Seventh Assembly District, who is opposed by ex-Alderman Joseph T. Hackett, issued writs of mandamus directing the Board of Elections to strike off the roll of voters of that district at the primary election to take place on Tuesday next more than 600 names.

Miller alleged that more than 30 names were fraudulently placed on the register and that about 600 of the acknowledgments sworn to by the supposed voters were forgeries, to which the name of a person was also forged as notary.

These must be stricken off.

MEAT STORES PAY GOOD PROFIT. If you want to buy one advertise in the Sunday World.

## BROKER PAINE SEEKS A WRIT.

HABEAS CORPUS PROCEEDINGS TO FREE HIM FROM JAIL.

Held for Grand Jury on Charge of Grand Larceny in Stock Transaction.

J. Overton Paine, the broker of No. 7 Wall street, accused of defrauding Maurice A. Thorne in a stock transaction, and whose case has been in the court for several months, was arraigned again to-day in the Essex Market Police Court in Magistrate Flammer's private office.

The charge against Paine is grand larceny. Thorne declaring that Paine appropriated \$167 which he gave him for margins. Paine told the Magistrate to-day that he desired to waive further examination, and Paine was held in \$1000 bail for the Grand Jury. In default of bail he was committed to prison.

This, however, was only a formality for the purpose of securing a writ of habeas corpus. Paine was not placed in a cell, but at Magistrate Flammer's suggestion was allowed to sit in the corridor until his counsel secured the writ.

Mr. McManus, of the firm of Black, O'Connell, Gruber & McManus, hurried away to make the application to Justice McAdams, in Part 17, Special Term of the Supreme Court.